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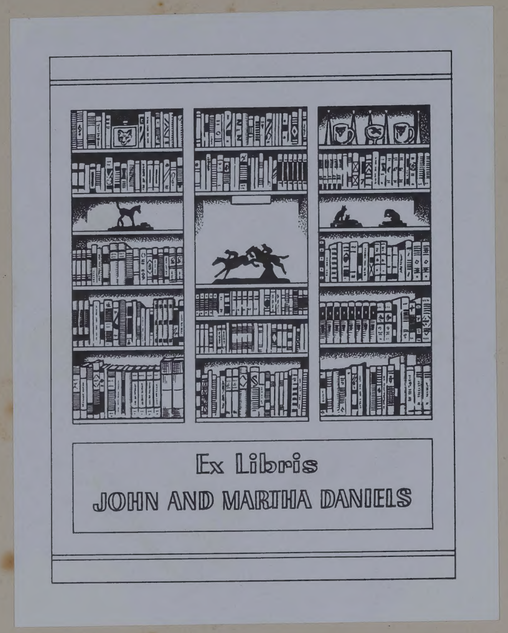

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THE ROAD THE RIVER AND THE HUNT

Illustrated in Fifty Drawings

by

HABLOT K. BROWNE "PHIZ"

ENGRAVED BY GRAPHOTYPE.

LONDON:—WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW. E.C.

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A very fine Field for Reflection.
Oh, Fie! Father Chasuble.

The Drawings by HABLOT K. BROWNE, Engraved by the GRAPHOTYPING COMPANY, (Limited),
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THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE No. 1.—*The Favorite.*

"Oh! that's the favorite, is it? Well, I daresay he can gallop, and *if* he can jump, and dosen't bungle his fences, and *if* he can stay, and *if* he is well and fairly ridden, and *if* &c., &c.—he *may* win—but—I don't think I'll lay odds on him!"

"Your *if* is your only safe book-maker. Much virtue in if."

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE No. 2.—*The Start.*
"Ten to one on Bobby."

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE No. 3.—*Too hot to last.*

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 4.
"Here they come, Yaller a leading!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 5.—*A Scramble.*
"Down and off, and up and on again!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE CHASE. No. 6.—*The Brook.*
"In for a penny and more than a pound!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 7.
"In and out of the Lane, (and the mud)."

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 3.—*A Straggler.*
"Come along, Sir, don't be afeard, we'll catch yer!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE No. 9.—*Vimmen and Osses.*

STOUT PARTY.—"He aint half in earnest, he aint; Vimmen and Osses knows ven a man *means* a thing! Now I'll bet you tuppence *my* old mare wouldn't serve *me* that trick twice."

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE No. 10.—*Heads or Tails.*
"Well, if Jack Sprightly doesn't win by a 'head' he ought to by a 'tail' anyhow!"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE, No. 11.—*The Last Fence.*
"But where is 'Bobby' now?"

THE TUMBLETOWN STEEPLE-CHASE. No. 12.

GENTLEMAN JOCKEY.—"She galloped in beautiful form up to—up to—the first fence—and there she stopped."

"No, really! did she though? what a clever, sensible, little mare!"

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE No. 1.—*On the Banks.*

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE No. 2.—*On the River*

(Odd Fellows on the River.) FIRST *HOD* MAN.—"Pull away, Phil!—give 'em a spurt! and they'll take us for some of them Cambridge coves and lay no end of hodds on us!"

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. No. 3.

"On the Bridge—all in suspense."

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE No. 4.—*A Run on the Banks during the race.*

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 1.
"Going to Cover."

HUNTING SKETCHES, No. 2.—*An Agricultural Lecture.*

FARMER WURZELL. "Now, Gem'men, what I've got to fay is,—If you can't ride *over* my fences, I'm bleft if you fhall go *through* them!

HUNTING SKETCHES, No. 3.

"Follow, follow me!"

"I'll be darned if I do!—you're a very nice young woman, I dare say—but I'm no follower of your'n—besides, what *would* my Masis say!"

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 4.

"Won't he catch it?" "I believe you, Captain Blazer (the master) will be up in a minute."—Spooner, who has been riding the lanes, contrives to head the fox.

HUNTING SKETCHES No. 5.
"Whifile and I'll come to ye, my lad!"

HUNTING SKETCHES No. 6.—*Over the Hills and Far away.*

YOKEL (To half-baked Stagger).—"Lor bless ye meafter! – he's half an hour ahead on ye—reet over Bafiem Hills.

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 7.

"The very beft run of the feason—and Tommy Dumphy has a capital view of it."

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 8.

"Well, now I call that cool! to pitch me in here, and then begin munching and munching as if nothing had happened! Oh!—by Jove! ... a ditch is *cool* too."

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 9.

The fences are very blind just now—and the riders too, occasionally.

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 10.

"A very nice little thing to begin with!—and just what my mare can do so cleverly! what a pity I MUST go round to Farmer Bean—and so I shan't be able to join in until they get to Pudding Lane."

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 11.

SPORTING PARSON.—"Well! I'm d———, b- b- blest (I mean,) if the cunning beggar hasn't run to ground in MY OWN Churchyard!"

HUNTING SKETCHES. No. 12.
"The Squire's Christmas Tip."

"I THINK HE'LL CATCH IT!—DON'T YOU?"

"SPORT." - *Mr. Jack Pike (who is trespassing upon Ebenezer Graham's grounds) has landed two fine trout, and is thinking how nice they will be for supper, when Ebenezer approaches.*

EBENEZER.— * * * * "and so thou callest this 'Sport'"

JACK PIKE.—"Oh, yes! glorious Sport!"

EBEN.—"And thou fishest ONLY for the SPORT?"

J. P.—"Yes! yes! for the sport—the excitement—you know."

EBEN.—"Nothing else?"

J. P.—"O, no! nothing else."

EBEN.—"Then, Friend, I will relieve thee of these poor trout, for I think them very good eating; and by and bye I will send Rebecca, my handmaiden, unto thee for any more thee mayest have the SPORT to catch!"

Perhaps it is needless to say that when Rebecca does "put in an appearance" J. P. AND trout "have vanished into thin air."

THE BOATING PARTY.

The others have gone on ahead, asking Blusher to wait for and bring on Miss Rose Pouncer. Blusher enters into this arrangement with pleasurable anticipations, as Miss Rose B. has been described by that fellow Chaffer, as "a jolly nice little girl!!"

AT THE CAMP. WIMBLEDON.

"Well Buffles, old boy! let's take a laſt fond look at you as 'Buffles Entire!' for if you really be raſh enough to truſt your valuable carcaſe OUTSIDE that fiery, ferocious animal, on Review Day, no rational perſon will ever expect to ſee you again,—except in pieces.

AT THE CAMP. WIMBLEDON.—*L'entente cordiale.*

Achille and Hector find the Wimbledon welcome wondrously warm, but the Wimbledon furze ferociously prickly, when—by accident, of course—they are plumped down upon it, off "Brothers" Brown and Smith's (rather unevenly "elevated") shoulders!

ROTTEN ROW No. 1.
"As it was *with* the "Galloping Snob."

ROTTEN ROW, No. 2.
As it is and as we hope it will continue to be *without* the "Galloping Snob."

ROTTEN ROW No. 3.

The Guards' Band striking up a well-known quadrille, Bumpus's "animal,' which has been highly trained (in a circus) dances it beautifully, to the great delectation of the other equeftrians, and SLIGHT discomfort of Bumpus.

ROTTEN ROW No. 4.

OLD COUNTRY DAME—"No! I never! well!—I never! I declare! did *that* sort of thing in *my* young days." (Probably not.)

ROTTEN ROW. No. 5.

CRUEL OLD JOKER.—"Well, Archy! ſo you are off to ſchool ſoon, eh? Where are you going?"

ARCHY.—"To Dr. Tickleum's"

CRUEL OLD JOKER.—"Oh! poor fellow, oh! what a ſhame to ſend you there!—Why, that's the very worſt ſchool in all England for whacking! they quite ſpoil the ſhape of the boys there; they don't know when to ſtop, but whack, whack, till they beat them QUITE FLAT!!! Then what is a fellow after that? How can anybody go floundering through the world like a flat ſole?"

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SEA SIDE SKETCHES. No. 1.

"How nice, dear, these sea side carriages are! so much better than those nasty shaky 'bussies and those dirty London cabs!—how safe, too, for the dear children!"

SEA SIDE SKETCHES. No. 2.

"Why don't you try it, Aunty? John there, fays it's fo good for the legs."

SEA SIDE SKETCHES. No. 3.

"Well Clara, how do you like your pony?"

"Oh! very well, Mr. Cobbles; but I ſhould like him ever ſo much better if his legs were a trifle longer—like John's!"

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES, No. 4.

ROSA.—"O! let's have a donkey each. It will be such fun! See, there are just three!"
CLARA.—(Looking quite in the opposite direction)—"So there are—and I'd have the little, round, cobby fellow."

SEA SIDE SKETCHES. No. 5.

"Will you allow me, Mr. Larky, to reſt my glass on your ſhoulder for one minute?"
"Oh! certainly, Sir, for twenty if you like!"

SEA SIDE SKETCHES. No. 6.

"What have I got behind me, Charley? you can't tell!"
CHARLEY.—"Can't I though?"
"Well, what?"

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES, No. 7.

"There, out yonder, you see the sea! there to the right, is 'Hazy Head,' and there's 'Hob's Nose,' and that's 'Bob's Nose.' 'There's Becky's Fall,' tumbling into the little river full of such nice little trout, running along 'Crasher's Bottom,'—and there"——here the Pony, worried by flies, and further aggravated by the reins under her tail, kicks out and bolts, and the admirers of the picturesque very soon find their own-level.

THE *DE*-LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.
"Ups and Downs in Surrey."

"GETTING HIM INTO TRAINING."

"EXTREMES MEET."

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—*Stubble Field Reflections.*

OLD MAIDEN AUNT.—"What a field for Chriſtian contemplation: thus we ripen and reach maturity—then comes the Great Reaper Death with his ſickle, and mows us down."

NEPHEW.—"What a ſtunning ſtubble field! If I don't clear a few brace off that on the FIRST before breakfaſt, I'm a Turk."

"OH!"

This being "SEASONABLE," may be excufable on the part of the Rev. Chafuble—his jolly old uncle would of *courfe* think nothing of it—but what *would* his prim aunt fay—IF fhe faw him.